Dance of the Ravishers

By habu
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" It's called the Dance of the Ravishers," Dr. Emory said to me as we watched nine male dancers swirling around two small bonfires.

"I can certainly see why," I responded with a big grin. Dr. Emory gave me a sour look. I'd been warned about that look. In fact, my partner, Steve, had bet me I wouldn't last two months out here in the upper Nile area of Sudan with Dr. Emory. I was accustomed to being serviced by Steve at least once a day and enjoyed a monthly group sex bout. Dr. Emory, however, was a real stick in the mud and was known to send young assistants home at the least hint of impropriety. I really didn't want to go home. Emory had gotten rare permission from the Sudanese to excavate this ancient Egyptian tomb on the banks of the Nile near the Sulb Temple, and work on this dig could make my own reputation.

"What in the world are they doing?" the very serious Clint Winston asked Emory. "Why it looks like. . . ."

"Yes, yes, it's just what you think. But it's all symbolic, part of the ritual dance," Emory responded with pursed lips. Just pretend like you enjoy it. The invitation to the ritual dance was an honor, and we mustn't upset our welcome. The Mitsagusi are an old and proud tribe in this region."

And in quite good shape and very inventive, I thought to myself, desires building in me that I'd tried to suppress for the past four weeks. And Mustafa wasn't helping a bit. My eyes drifted across the cloud of sweet-smelling smoke rising from the bonfires to the delectable Egyptian of the soft brown eyes and long curly eyelashes across the dance circle from me. Mustafa's spellbound eyes were glued to the dancers.

I could easily be spellbound by them too. They were all strapping young bucks, naked for this dance except for a series of woven belts with strips of leather hanging off them so that when they stood still, it almost looked as if they were clothed. One belt surrounded their chests just below their pecs, and the leather strips from this fell almost to their knees. Similar belts were strapped below their biceps and below their knees. Their penises glittered with a golden greasy substance and all were in rock solid erection. Emory had explained with a red face that this was part of the ritual, that the substance covering their penises was from the fruit of the local agwallah bush, which had both lubrication and endurance properties.

Gotta get me some of that, I was thinking. But mostly I was watching the dancers in awe as, to the accompaniment of insistent drums, they went through several tableaus of simulated sexual acts between the fires with an ever-changing cast. First, Two dancers

lay prone on the ground, one on top of the other, belly to back, and they undulated in rhythm, their cocks almost touching. During this scene, the other seven dancers whirled around the fire circles, their leather strips swirling around their bodies, showing off their nakedness. A second set of two dancers replaced the first. One of these dancers was really bulked up. He was wrestling with a thinner dancer, who obviously wasn't going to win the match. And when he didn't, the master wrestler brought him up to all fours and simulated fucking him from behind. The number of actors in the center tableau increased to three with the next set. One young buck was bent at the waist, his mouth almost to the cock of another of the dancers, while a dancer stood behind him and undulated his hips, his cock just inches from the ass of the first young buck. Next there were five in the center. Three dancers lifted a fourth parallel to the ground, two at his arms and one between his legs, his cock poised at the levitated dancer's ass. The suspended dancer's head arched back and the fifth dancer brought his cock very close to this dancer's mouth. In the last change of scene, one dancer lay atop another dancer, while a third dancer straddled the chest of the one on top and wagged his cock; A fourth dancer approached the two prone dancers from behind.

God, this was a real turn-on I thought, and my eyes searched for Mustafa again across the fires. He was looking at me now, as well, and I could see the burning desire in his eyes. I had been right. Mustafa wanted me as much as I wanted him.

And then with a last swirl around the fires, the dancers were gone, jogging out of the circle and into the gathering darkness in a syncopated line. The drums stopped, and the show was over. It was only then that I realized that the smoke from the fire was having an effect on me, that I was drowsy and felt a little sluggish. I looked around at the group of archaeologists gathered there in the Mitsagusi camp that had been set up quite close to our own and saw that they all were similarly affected.

"So, where are they going off to now?" Winston asked.

"This is their annual fertility ritual," Emory answered. "The tribe has a very peculiar tradition. The men cannot marry until they are thirty, and when they do so, they are monogamous and completely heterosexual for the rest of their lives. But between the ages of twenty and thirty they are expected to maintain their virility by servicing each other. After this dance, these dancers go off into the bush and continue the ritual of service. Before the sun rises, they each have to be serviced at least twice, and preferably three times—each time by a different partner."

"Sounds like an invitation to wholesale AIDs," Winton snorted.

"No, not at all," Emory said. "The tribe keeps mainly to itself, and I've never heard of a case of sexually transmitted decease among their numbers."

"How do they decide who does who?" I asked "I mean, it seems like in a group of nine who had to do it two or three times with different partners tonight, there may be some nasty infighting going on, and someone might not be able to get his quota."

Emory gave me a highly disapproving look. “They have a leader who makes the assignments. He’s called the Bull and is chosen naturally by his endowments.”

“Ah, yes,” I said before I could check myself. “I had no trouble picking the Bull out. He was also the tallest and most studly of the group.”

“Humph,” Emory retorted, giving me that “I’ve got my eye on you” look. “Well, enough of this. We should be going back to our own camp. We have a busy day ahead of us, and I’m feeling a bit drowsy and lethargic.”

The dancers had really set me on edge. I had a raging hard on, and I didn’t know if I could keep my hands off Mustafa even for the two months Steve had been willing to spot me in our bet. I was sitting in my sleeping shorts in my tent in the light of two candles, trying to do some background reading on the artifacts we would be looking for in the tomb, when a breeze swirled the gauze curtains at the doorway to the tent and I looked up to see Mustafa standing there in the shadows, looking at me. He was dressed in a white muslin caftan, with a thick red silk sash around his waist. As I watched, he slowly unwound the sash, and when it fell to the ground, his caftan opened to reveal a beautiful, naked, lithe body, with a respectable-sized cock and balls swinging between his legs.

I made an animal sound and pulled him into the tent and against my chest. Our lips and tongues found each other, and I felt him push the front of my shorts down and hold our cocks together in both of his hands. His lips traveled down to my nipples and then to my navel. And then he was taking my cock into his mouth and making love to it. My knees were trembling. Steve had won. I hadn’t managed to hold off for even half the time he had predicted. Mustafa’s tongue was driving me wild. I pulled him up by his arms and laid him on his back on the edge of my cot. I quickly had a tube of lubrication and a condom out of my night drawer, applied them, wishboned Mustafa’s legs, and fucked him deeply until we were both exhausted.

I was nearly asleep when Mustafa left me, telling me that he’d return momentarily to take his turn fucking me. I vaguely remember hearing a muffled cry, as if from an unknown bird, after he had drifted through the swaying curtain at the doorway, and a shuffling sound, but then I turned onto my belly on the cot and slept until deep into the night.

I slowly came to my senses, or at least partially to my senses, my head still affected by the strange smoke from the Mitsagusis’ fires, with the sensation of a heavy load on my back. My body was being covered by a quick searching of hands that covered every curve and explored every crevice. Mustafa had come back to me and was going to fuck me, I thought. And I was very pleased at this. I felt a cock rising up the small of my back between my back and the belly of my lover. A big cock. No, a huge cock. And that’s when I realized that this wasn’t Mustafa. This was the Bull. The Mitsagusi tribe’s Bull. I both shuddered and was exhilarated at the thought of this. I was going to be fucked by that strapping leader of the Mitsagusi youths.

The Bull rose up on his haunches, straddling my hips between his knees. He was holding me flat against the bed with strong hands palmed out over my shoulder blades. And then he entered me. Steve was unusually thick, but he wasn't this thick. Whatever that agwallah bush pulp was, it was a wonder, because the Bull slid into me almost effortlessly. And although, I felt stretched to the limit, I felt little pain. But, boy did I feel the pleasure. The Bull could fuck me all night if he wanted, I thought, his big black dick churning inside me, and I still thought that some twenty minutes later when he was still plowing me at depths that Steve had never reached. I was moving my hips with his and moaning real good for him, so I'm sure he got the message that I enjoyed this. After entering me, he had folded his strong body over mine and held my arms over my head by my wrists. He even did some serious work on my neck with his swollen lips and teeth, and the guttural sounds he was making indicated to me that this wasn't only to fulfill his ritual. I was very happy he had chosen me as one of his three for the night, and wondered if any of his eight compatriots would be angry that I had supplanted his turn with the Bull.

When the Bull had flooded me deep with his cum, he rose off me; slapped my butt, which I took as a signal that he'd had a good time; and was gone. When I could gather some of my wits about me, I struggled out of the bed and over toward the wash basin to clean myself off.

En route to the wash basin, I found myself in the grip of the husky wrestler from the dancer's tableau. He pushed me to the ground and we fought for purchase and domination. There was no doubt he was going to win, but I kept wrestling with him until I was completely exhausted and lay panting on the ground with his knees encasing my thighs. A strong arm wrapped around my belly from behind and he lifted my pelvis to his awaiting cock. He wasn't as thick as the Bull, but he was thicker than Steve. He was on one knee and had his other leg in a crouch position, his foot flat on the ground. The agwallah bush pulp smearing his club allowed my ass to slide back and forth on to his cock as effortlessly as the Bull had entered me, and the wrestler just pumped me up and down on his cock like I was a curling weight. It was quite enjoyable, really, and I felt particularly privileged that two of the dancers had sought me out to share their ritual with me, an outsider. The wrestler came inside me and left me, and I struggled to my feet again, still intent on cleaning myself off.

I never made it to the wash basin, however. One pair of strong hands shoot out of the dark and grabbed me by the hips from behind, while another set grabbed me in front by the shoulders and bent me over frontward. Another dick, more slender than either the Bull's or the wrestler's, plowed into my ass, while the dancer in front of me forced a short, but thick greased cock between my lips and started circular motions with his hips. The agwallah bush pulp not only was a very good lubricant, but it also tasted pretty good too. The face-fucking dancer must have been a little anxious, because he came quickly. Perhaps he was surprised that I had enthusiastically taken on the job of jacking him off with my mouth. The ass-fucking dancer took a little longer, but when I wiggled my butt for him, and reached back and squeezed his balls, he cried out as he came. I heard the crack of a hand across his mouth, however, no doubt applied by the Bull, and he didn't

make any further noise.

These two satisfied customers handed me off to multiple sets of roaming hands. Two figures appeared behind me, each putting one hand under one of my elbows and a palm on a shoulder blade as two hands on each of my thighs pulled my body up, holding me there, in suspension, parallel to the ground. They wishboned my legs, as two other hands were on my butt cheeks, pulling them apart, and a set of heavily muscled legs and a rock-solid, thick cock approached me between my legs. I arched my back and my head snapped back as a cock almost as splitting as the Bull's pushed its way into my now well-churned hole. As I should have expected, a dick pushed into my mouth when I snapped my head back. I writhed my body for my lovers, and they both came fairly quickly. I was so glad that I'd had so much practice in group fucking. And now I understood that I wasn't being singled out by a couple of the dancers to help fulfill their ritual; they were mirroring their ritual on me while fulfilling one of their three obligations for the night.

Thus, I wasn't really surprised when the four dancers who had held me in suspension lowered me onto the body of another dancer whose long, slender cock replaced the plump sausage of my last butt fucker. The two dancers at my arms gave control over to the man under me, who got me in somewhat of a full Nelson, immobilizing my arms. He fucked up into me for a few minutes, during which time the two dancers at my feet had kept my legs spread-eagled. A second dancer straddled my chest and had me suck him off. After a few minutes of the solo work at my butt, my legs were bent up against the back of the dancer straddling my chest and my hips were rolled up. Another dancer then crouched behind me and forced his slender cock in above that of the man under me, double-fucking me. The dancer under me pumped in and out, while the one above me undulated his hips and rotated his cock inside me. The dancer on my chest had reached back and was stroking my cock vigorously. All four of us shot our loads in quick succession.

They left me then, exhausted, stretched out on my cot. I had been through the whole ritual with the entire, very virile youth class of the Mitsagusi tribe, and I not only had survived the ravishing but had thoroughly enjoyed it. Maybe this would hold me for a couple of months and Dr. Emory wouldn't be destined to find me porking his precious Egyptian assistant, Mustafa. But probably not.

Fingers of light were forcing themselves through the waving gauze curtain at the doorway when I woke again. I struggled off my cot, pulled on my jeans and a T-shirt and hobbled to the doorway. I pushed aside the curtain and looked searchingly over toward the Mitsagusi tribal camp. Regrettably, they were gone. Sometime before dawn they had struck camp and were on the march, beyond the horizon of the flat landscape of sandy earth that stretched from every direction of our camp.

I looked over at Mustafa's tent and saw him bent over and as bowlegged as I was as he struggled through his doorway.

So that's why he didn't return to me. I wondered briefly what arrangements the tribe had made for their third servicing of the night. Maybe they'd had one go at each other before

they'd visited Mustafa and me. Then again, Clint Winston never showed up for breakfast, and when I did see him next, he could hardly walk, but he had a mighty big smile on his face. Whatever the truth of this, I knew that neither Mustafa nor I would be reporting the ritual ravishing to Dr. Emory.

I was awakened, lying on my side, my body encased by that of Mustafa's, by the song of a Siva's warbler. It was still pitch dark, but the sounds from outside my tent warned me that it wouldn't be dark all that long and Mustafa needed to get back to his own tent before anyone else in the camp stirred. Mustafa felt me move, and his cock stirred to life inside my ass canal. He kissed me on the neck and started to stroke my inner thighs with his searching fingers.

"No, not again, Mustafa," I whispered to him. "We don't have time. You need to get back to your tent before the others waken. If Dr. Emory finds out about us, he'll send us both away, and neither of us can afford not to be on this tomb dig at the Sulb Temple."

Mustafa grunted his disappointment, but he knew I was right. he pulled himself away from me, gave me a gentle, tantalizing kiss on the lips, and enveloped his beautiful, lithe body in a black caftan and slipped through the gauze curtains at my tent doorway. I rose and walked over to my wash basin and scrubbed the night of very pleasant sex from my body. I should be tired from the lack of sleep, but this archaeology project on Sudan's Jabel Abyad Plateau on the side of the upper Nile was so fascinating that I could hardly wait to get out to the dig. We were slowly, but surely, excavating the entrance to the first ancient Egyptian tomb that had been located in this area for decades.

Mustafa and Clint Winston were already at the tomb, working painstakingly with their whisks and spoons when Dr. Emory and I arrived. The morning sun was baking the sandy earth around us, but Mustafa looked cool in his white cotton caftan. Clint was stripped to the waist, and I stripped down for work myself as Dr. Emory set up his books and files under the shade of a canvas tarp. It would take weeks for us to uncover the entrance of the tomb with our whisks and spoons, but every spoonful of earth was being examined for whatever treasure it might contain.

After a half hour of intense work under the beating sun, I stood and turned toward the canteens we were storing in a cooler and took several deep swigs of water. My gaze went over to the twisted shape of a baobab tree nearby and I was surprised to see a tall, heavily muscled African standing there in the partial shade of the tree. He must have been nearly seven feet tall. He had both hands wrapped around a sturdy stake nearly as tall as he was with the stubs of branches coming out of it at various angles, and he had one foot raised onto one of these stubs, near the base of the stake, resting his weight on that. He was wearing only a loin cloth and had an animal skin pouch slung at his side. And he was magnificent. My butt twitched and my cock lurched when I realized who it was.

It was the Bull of the Mitsagusi tribe. Two weeks previously, the nine twenty-something youths of the Mitsagusi tribe, led by the Bull, named because of his superior physical endowments, had invited the men from the archaeology camp to view their annual

fertility dance. The ritual dance had included a series of male-on-male sexual release simulations, which the tribe had performed for real in the dark of the night that followed on both Mustafa and me—and perhaps on Clint Winston as well—separately in our tents. I had no idea what either Mustafa or Clint had thought about this, but I was a group banger from way back and had thoroughly enjoyed the ravishing. And I had particularly found fulfilling that huge, black cock of the Bull churning inside me. When I had awakened the next morning, the Mitsagusi camp, and the tribe along with it, had disappeared.

"Isn't that. . . ?

"Yes, yes it is," Mustafa muttered under his breath.

"How long has he been there?" I asked.

"Since before I arrived," Mustafa said. "Clint is just about going crazy from fear and anticipation over his reappearance."

I went back to work, and every time I looked up, the Bull was still there, patiently standing, from time to time redistributing his weight on the stake. The baobab tree must have accorded him some partial shade, but he continued to look cool and collected despite the beating sun, which was turning Clint and me into a dark brown leather.

Near noon, Dr. Emory snapped his binder shut and announced that we should take a lunch break. Clint went over to a water bucked and sluiced his now-sandy torso down with ladles of water and turned toward me with a questioning eye.

"I'm not really hungry," I said. I brought a book, and I think I'll go over to those acacia trees by the Nile and do some reading."

"Well, make sure you get into some shade," Dr. Emory said. "It's hotter than usual today. I think we will suspend our work here until later in the afternoon, when the sun isn't as high. We'll see you then."

The three walked off. I had begged off lunch because of the Bull. I wanted to know why he was standing there. If he had returned for one of us, I wanted to know if it was me he sought.

I sluiced my torso off with the cool water from the bucket and was putting my arms through the sleeves of my shirt when I looked up and saw that the Bull had changed position. He now was standing straight and tall, the stake having been dropped to the ground, and he was holding out a hand toward me, beckoning me to him.

It was me he had returned for. My cock began to stir and my balls ached. I had thought that it had been more than a ritual when he had fucked me so long and hard in my tent two weeks previously before turning me over to service his eight hot compatriots in turn.

I rejoiced at the thought that he would have returned, I hoped to ravish me again.

I walked to him and put my hand in his, and he led me over to the bank of the Nile to a hidden little recess inside a rock formation that was covered in the dappled shade of whispering acacia trees. Beyond them, right on the eastern bank of the Nile, taller date palms swayed gently in the faint breeze filtering down the river.

He turned me and we stood, facing each other, very close, but not touching. He was nearly a foot taller than I was, but he lowered his face to mine, and brought our foreheads and the tips of our noses together. His eyes were looking deeply into mine.

I instinctive knew that we would not kiss, that this was not the Mitsagusi's way, but he smiled and fanned the palms of his enormous hands around my hips and on my butt cheeks as I slowly slid my hands down his magnificent chest and belly and around to his hips. I found ties here to the belt holding his loin cloth up, and unfastened them and let the cloth fall to the ground. My hands went for his cock. It took both of them to come anywhere close to encasing his length, and my fingers barely touched when wrapped around the thickness. He wasn't called the Bull for nothing.

I slowly came down to my knees before him and started tonguing the head of his cock. I had both hands wrapped around his cock from the root, one starting where the other ended, but there was still a good four or five inches uncovered for me to work into my mouth. After about ten minutes of this, the Bull grunted and raised me back to my feet with strong hands under my elbows. I didn't need a translator to tell me that he was ready to fuck. I could see it in his eyes.

I doubted that the Mitsagusi were much for preliminaries in these matters, and the Bull proved that assumption to be correct. He stood back from me then, sliding his blunderbuss of a dick from my grasp. He opened the pouch at his side, extracted a large pulpy-looking piece of golden fruit that I couldn't identify. He then casually pushed his cock into it, and stroked back and forth. He was fucking the fruit.

I naturally thought this a bit strange until I remembered that gold-flecked greasing substance that the Mitsagusi youths had smeared on their cocks for the Dance of the Ravishers. Dr. Emory had said it had come from the fruit of the local agwallah bush, the magic pulp that kept the member hard, both the member and the canal well lubricated, and the experience practically pain free for the owner of the canal.

Wonderful, I thought. Get lots of that smeared on your cock, Bull, old boy.

While the bull poked his fruit, I undressed, so that, when he came to me, I was as naked as he was.

And he came to me swiftly and with little ceremony. He pushed me gently back on a smooth rock outcropping, spread my thighs with his beefy hands, and put his forehead and nose up against mine again. His hands cupped my buttocks and rolled my pelvis up

to him, and his eyes possessed mine as he slowly entered my ass with that huge, pulp-lubricated and medicating cock of his. He took it slowly, correctly gauging from my eyes when I was on the edge of unbearable pain, and pausing until my eyes had cleared, but there was never a question in my mind that he was going to back off from this. It didn't take all that long to get past the first five inches of my ass canal, and then the fantasy of his big, black cock in me and the wonders of the agwallah pulp took charge, and my undulating ass canal pulled him in for the long, stretching journey to the center of me. From a feel for the depths my other lovers had mined, I gauged that his dick must be more than a foot long and thick as a baseball bat. I was in love—and if not exactly in love, at least in hot, hot lust.

When I felt his hairless pubes rubbing against my inner thighs, he began to pump me. And to pump me and to pump me and to pump me. The agwallah pulp was doing both its endurance and lubrication tricks very nicely. I would have like to have wrapped my legs around the small of his back, but I somehow suspected that the entwining of bodies was something not taken lightly with the Mitsagusi. The Bull had gotten around to encasing my body with his when he had ravished me after the ritual dance, but even then I thought this had been a particularly intense choice that was up to the warrior fucker to make. So, I just kept my legs spread. They began to ache after about twenty minutes of being pumped in this position, though.

The Bull must have seen this discomfort in my eyes, because he pulled out of me and turned me around, belly to rock, and reentered me from behind and pumped me for another eternity. He came deep inside me, and I thought we were finished, but the agwallah pulp had kept him hard, and after only a few minutes of rest, he resumed pumping me. We must have reached a new plateau of meaning in this fuck for him then, because he encased my legs closely between his, tightening my ass channel when it seemed already stretched to the limit and incapable of being tightened. In the first real intimacy I had felt from him, he played with my nipples with one hand and slid the other one down between my belly and the rock and stroked my cock and pulled on my balls until I ejaculated. And then he encased my torso with his. He had his elbows and forearms holding my arms close to my side, and his chin hooked on my shoulder.

He began a frenzied writhing on top of me that rubbed my nipples and belly and cock head on the smooth rock, gyrated his own big, hard nipples around on my back, and churned his cock inside me. He was chanting in whatever language the Mitsagusi chant in and seemed possessed. A good ten minutes later, the Bull came in a flood of cum—spasm after spasm, that left me gasping for air and doing a little bit of chanting myself.

There was no afterglow. He pulled out of me and retied his loin cloth, which was no small feat, since he was still hard as a rock, and walked off, disappearing through the shimmering leaves of the acacia trees.

I know he enjoyed himself, because he visited me again nearly every two weeks for the remainder of our season working on the tomb. And I always welcomed him with open

arms and open asshole, and with melting thoughts of that big, black cock churning inside me.

Dr. Emory had called it a day at the tomb dig outside Sudan's upper Nile Sulb Temple. It had been so hot that I had stripped down to a pair of cotton bush shorts for the afternoon. I was standing by the water buckets, ladling cool water over my head and letting it sluice down my body when I noticed Clint Winston, another of the archaeologists on the dig, and Dr. Emory's personal assistant, eyeing me up and down. I registered that I'd have to be very careful with that one. If he had any inkling that I was having it on with the young Egyptian archaeologist, Mustafa, or with a strapping, very well endowed warrior of a local African tribe, he'd turn me in to Dr. Emory in an instant. And then I'd be flying home, my name erased from the archaeology team, just when we were close to opening the ancient Egyptian tomb.

I looked down my body and saw that my cock and balls were clearly discernible in the now-clingy and wet cotton shorts. I turned my back on Winston and the others and made post haste back to my tent.

We were all spent from the day's work—so much so that we returned to our tents for a predinner siesta in the desert twilight. I was so exhausted when I entered my tent that I just stripped off the wet shorts, dried myself with a towel, and flopped down on my back on my cot and began to snore. Soon, other than various pitches of snoring, there wasn't a sound to be heard across the camp.

As it turned out, however, Mustafa wasn't as sleepy as everyone else. He slipped into my tent, opened his caftan, and spread his naked body on mine, belly to belly. His presence awakened me, but only just. As he deep kissed me on the lips and then on the nipples, I instinctively reached down and positioned his hardened cock for him, and he slid into me. Neither of us was in much of a condition to do any vigorous lovemaking, and we'd been together for weeks now, so we just lay there, every part of us motionless except for our hips, as we languidly fucked.

I heard what sounded like a sharp intake of breath, and my eyes picked up on a slight movement beyond the gauze curtain covering my doorway. My eyes adjusted and I saw just half a face, but enough to know that Clint Winston was watching us from the shadows.

We were fucked in more than one way now, I thought. Well, Clinty, Baby, if you are going to have a tale to tell, let's make a good one. I proceeded to turn the tail on Mustafa. With a new-found energy, I rolled him off of me and rolled with him so that now he was on his back and I was on top of him. His dick had slipped out of me, and I lifted him to his knees and skewered him now, in one swift movement that caused him to cry out in passion and pain. Then I pushed his legs up into his belly and fucked him hard. When I was finished, I looked around at the doorway, and Clint was gone.

I didn't tell Mustafa that Clint had been watching us that afternoon. I figured there was

no reason for him to hear the tragic news that would end our careers any sooner than he had to. And I held my breath all the way through the silent communal dinner of the archaeologists, waiting for the clinking of silver on china and glasses on teeth to be replaced by an explosion from the stern Dr. Emory from the other end of the table.

But the explosion never came, and when my eyes went to Clint I could see that his eyes were on me and that they clearly told me that he wanted me.

Clint rose from the dinner table early and said that he was going to take a walk over to the Sulb Temple that was a good half mile up the Nile. Dr. Emory just grunted and plowed into a big piece of cake.

I rose and went to my tent for some supplies and then left the camp from a different route Clint had taken and walked quietly to the temple.

I found him sitting on the lowest step leading up to the temple, in the shadow of the stone banister at one side. He was crying silently and fingering his crotch.

"Here, maybe you'd like me to do that for you. Or, better yet, maybe you'd like to do mine," I said in a low voice as I stepped out of the shadows very near him.

"What?" he exclaimed in surprise and fear as he lifted his eyes, trying to focus on me in the gloom. His hand had quickly pulled away from his crotch. "Les?"

"Yes, it's me. Don't raise your voice." And then I moved in much closer to him, my own crotch at the level of his face.

"I saw you watching us this afternoon. Did you like what you saw?"

"Yes," Clint answered in a small voice.

"Is that what you'd like too?"

"Yes," the same small voice.

"I didn't think you swung that way, Clint."

"I didn't know it either," Clint answered. "At least I wasn't sure until that night of the Mitsagusi tribe fertility dance three weeks ago. The nine men from that dance came to my tent that night, and they all had me, just like they'd been simulating in the dance. And I found that I loved having that done to me."

"They visited me too," I answered. They'd visited Mustafa as well, but I didn't see any reason for Clint to know that.

"Their leader. That big bruiser named Bull," Clint stuttered. "He still visits you, doesn't

he?"

"Yes," I said, and I smiled.

"Oh."

"But, do you want me to ‘visit’ you, Clint?" I asked in a low, hoarse voice.

"Yes."

"Is that why you haven’t said anything to Dr. Emory about Mustafa and me?"

Silence. Clint was swallowing hard, evidently overcome at the edge he was walking here. I decided to force a decision. I unbuttoned my shorts and rolled out my big, half-hard cock.

"Look at this, Clint," I said. "This can be yours. From both ends. Here, now, if you want it."

Clint looked up and then he hungrily swallowed my cock. I was surprised that he seemed to know what to do with it, and it wasn’t long before he had me all heated up. I pulled him up to his feet. He was shaking so hard that I was afraid he would faint on me.

"Are you OK, Clint?" I asked.

"I . . . I . . . don’t know."

"We could postpone this or cancel it altogether," I said, now concerned if he really wanted to go through with it.

"No, no, please. I’ve thought about this for days. When I saw you and Mustafa this afternoon . . ."

He couldn’t go on, and I wasn’t sure he would be able to walk anywhere more convenient with me, so I just picked him up, one arm under his shoulders and the other one under his knees, and slowly walked up the stairs to the temple. The temple was essentially a double row of stone columns surrounded a square, stone-floored chamber, open to the sky. Lit torches arched out from columns at the four corners of the room, giving the chamber an eerie effect. The only object in the room was a large stone, heavily carved, three-foot-high altar in the center.

When I got to the altar, I laid Clint down on it and undressed him. He was a beautiful blond youth of no more than twenty. He had been considered somewhat of a child prodigy and had received his doctorate in archaeology at the tender age of eighteen. I had been left with the impression that he was all study and no play, but when I got his clothes off, I saw that he must have had good exercise, because his body, although lithe, was

well-muscled. Not overly so, but enough to have posed for Michelangelo. His cock was small but was perfectly formed and was in proportion to his balls. Because we had been working under the African sun for nearly two months, his torso and legs halfway up his thigh were deeply tanned. His upper thighs and pelvis, and his nicely rounded butt cheeks, however, were a creamy white.

He lay on his back, breathing hard and trying to suppress his fearful whimpering, as I undressed. I fiddled around in a pocket to my shorts and came up with a small tube of lubricant and a condom packet and held these up for him to see.

"I came prepared, as you can see," I said.

He answered with a nervous and uncertain laugh.

I then stood up to the altar at his feet, and slowly pulled him down to my by his calves and then his thighs. I opened his legs and positioned them on my shoulders, and then I stroked his inner thighs with my fingers, while my mouth dropped to his small cock.

His cock didn't stay small for very long. His was one of those big expanders that went from shriveled to respectable with the proper attention. And I gave him the proper attention for a good ten minutes. I then sucked on his balls for a few minutes, which, regrettably, didn't balloon as his cock had done.

I didn't linger here for long, but lowered my lips and tongue to his sweet puckered hole and moistened him up there. He was panting and moaning and giving little yips for me. These increased after I'd lubed up my fingers and began working at opening him up.

When I thought he was ready, I pushed his body back up to the middle the flat altar top and came up below him, on my knees. His butt cheeks were resting on the tops of my thighs now, and our dicks were flopping against each other. He watched me, his eyes consumed with desire and trepidation, as I tore open the packet and rolled the condom on my cock. I positioned my cock head at his hole and just pulled him back into my belly, as slowly as need be for him to accommodate me.

After I was in to the hilt, though, I pumped him with increasing vigor and ran my hands over his torso and twisted and pulled his nipples until they were rock hard and his head was arched back and he was yelling in ecstasy. After I had cum once and jacked him off with a hand job, I dispensed with the niceties and fucked him in several positions and from many different angles for the next half hour.

I was side-splitting him when I thought maybe I was overdoing it. I was hearing my heart beat. But then I realized it wasn't my heart that was beating. It was African drums. The chamber was flooded with the nine Mitsagusi youth dancers from the Dance of Ravishing several weeks before. The group that, separately and individually, had already had Clint and me the night of this ceremony. The drum beat got louder and the rhythm got more insistent. The dancers were swirling around the altar. As on the night of the dance, they

were clad only in woven belts under their pecs, biceps and knees, with leather strips twirling off them as the dancer moved, and their dicks were erect and greased up with that marvelous pulp of the fruit of the agwallah bush that provided endurance and nearly painless lubrication.

While I was finishing off Clint, they danced around us, but when they saw Clint gasp and lurch and me spasm my hips in ejaculation, they pulled us apart. The Bull of the Mitsagusi was on the altar with me now. I was pushed down on my belly, my hands were tied to the horns at the corner of the altar, and the Bull was astride me with my hips between his knees. I was confused and was about to point out that I didn't need to be restrained for the Bull to fuck me. He had been regularly fucking me for weeks. But then I realized that the other eight Mitsagusi youths did not realize that the Bull had been drawn to me and was visiting me.

I felt the Bull rise up and rear his hips back and then he plunged into my ass with that giant dick of his and plowed me to the end in one stroke. My hips lifted up off the stone and I screamed in surprise and pain regardless of the protecting agwallah pulp lathering his tool. He was lifting his arms out above his shoulders now. He threw his face up and chanting something to the heavens, while he fucked me in long strokes that had him pull all the way out of me and then thrust all the way back in to the hilt. At first, I didn't know if I'd be able to take this, but after ten minutes of it, I was loving it, and after twenty minutes of it, I didn't want him ever to stop.

I looked over to the side at one point and saw that five of the dancers were manhandling Clint, who had his hands tied behind his back with a leather thong. They had him upright but off the ground. Two dancers were holding his legs straight out from his waist, and he was being double fucked, one dancer servicing him from behind and the other one from in front. The fifth dancer was somehow hanging from an adjacent column and was holding Clint's jaw in his hand, and facing fucking him with a thick, pulp-smeared cock.

The remaining three dancers were entwined and writhing in one pile on the floor by the altar, no doubt finding their own ways to amuse themselves. All dancers who didn't have their mouths full were chanting the Bull's chant.

As Bull was flooding me with his spasms of cum, he raised his voice in a shout of domination and virile victory that just suddenly stopped. The chanting stopped at that instant as well, as did the drum beats. All four torches were extinguished, and the Bull and his tribe melted away into the darkness.

I came off the altar and felt around in the dark. Clint was balled up in heap next to a column.

"Are you OK, Clint?" I asked, wondering if he had been damaged.

"They did things they hadn't done to me before," Clint said in a gurgly voice. "It was awesome. I feel totally fucked now."

"Well, OK, party boy," I said, as I helped him struggle to his feet. "Let's see if we can find our way back to camp.

We kissed in the shadows at the edge of the camp and Clint told me how much he'd enjoyed being fucked by me, and then we softly entered camp from two different directions.

The Bull was waiting for me in my tent, and he fucked me again that night in the light from a single candle on the floor of African earth beside my cot, this time in the more tender way we had become accustomed to in the last three weeks. This time he took me from the front, mimicking the opening position I had used on Clint that evening, and played with my nipples and balls. And, for the first time, lowering his lips to mine, he let me show him how dueling tongues can enhance the pleasure of churning master black cock and hips. Still, after all these weeks, we couldn't communicate with each other except in the language of the great fuck.

Dr. Emory glowered silently at me all the next day while we were excavating around the tomb entrance at our ancient Egyptian burial site on the banks of the upper Nile in Sudan. And his precious young assistant, Clint Winston, couldn't seem to look at me at all. No doubt Clint had gone straight to the archaeological team head and had revealed that I had taken him repeatedly on the altar of the nearby Subl Temple the previous night, just as he had wanted me to do, and that we both then had then been assaulted—quite pleasantly, I might add—by the youths of the local Mitsagusi tribe. It would have been a miracle if Emory hadn't heard the frenzied drums of the tribe as both Clint and I were being delightfully ravished—not for the first time—by this group of very capable Sudanese lads.

I knew Emory couldn't maintain control of himself for very long, that he was bound to explode in his famous wrath against any of his archaeology assistants who went off the beaten path during a dig. But even though I would very much regret being sent home, I would not trade the wonderful fuck fests I'd had with the Mitsagusi tribe's Bull and my fellow excavators, the Egyptian Mustafa and the young blond beauty, Clint.

The expected explosion came as we were finishing up dinner on camp stools under the stars that evening.

"Mr. Lafleur," Dr. Emory addressed me through clinched teeth. "I wish to see you in my tent at nine this evening. I trust that you can clear the schedule of your night's activities to consult with me."

Ignoring his innuendo, I told him that I certainly would attend to him at the appointed hour. I used the time between dinner and our meeting to begin packing. It didn't take a genius to read Dr. Emory's intentions. The old stuffed shirt was going to expel me from the excavation team—regretfully just when we were about ready to open the tomb.

When I had dressed in my cleanest khaki bush shorts and shirt, I stoically left my tent and walked slowly across the small compound to Dr. Emory’s tent. I had hoped that either Mustafa or Clint would be in the common area to show support for my last walk, but the compound seemed deserted. When I announced myself at Emory’s tent opening at nine and received permission to push the gauzy door curtain and come inside, I practically dropped my teeth.

Dr. Emory was sitting in a twig chair, in a dressing gown, which was open and folded back on each side. Other than the dressing gown, he was completely naked. He was in great shape for a sixty-year-old man, which could be expected from the rough, Spartan life he led on desert archaeological missions. He was lean and sinewy and leathery from decades in the beating sun, with good muscle structure and not an ounce of fat. The hair on his head was still a brownish red, with just a bit of graying at the temples. But his body hair, of which there was an abundance, was almost completely gray.

I would remark on his male equipment, something that was always a problematical topic for a sixty year old, but I couldn’t see it. His prick was buried between the lips of his precious young blond assistant, Clint, who was completely naked and kneeling before his mentor, his face buried in Emory’s lap and his head bobbing up and down rather vigorously. One of his hands was between Emory’s legs, and I guessed that he was rolling and pulling on the old man’s balls. Emory was holding the back of Clint’s head in one of his strong hands, ensuring that Clint’s face remained in his lap, servicing him.

But this wasn’t my only shock. My Egyptian lover, Mustafa, was standing behind Emory’s chair. He was wearing a white caftan that was completely open in front, revealing his beautiful, lithe, brown body, and his dick was being held to Dr. Emory’s cheek by the good doctor’s free hand. He was stroking his cheek with Mustafa’s hard cock. Mustafa’s eyes were slitted in obvious desire as he watched me walk into the tent, and he was running his moist tongue around his lips. He had an arm draped across Dr. Emory’s shoulder, with his hand buried beneath the fold of Emory’s dressing gown on his chest, no doubt doing some nipple play on the professor.

"Ah, Mr. Lafleur has arrived. Come in closer into the candlelight, Son."

I dumbly stumbled to the center of the tent.

"But, professor. . . . Your reputation for this sort of thing . . ." I stammered.

"I cultivate my reputation quite assiduously, Mr. Lafleur. It keeps the investors happy, and I’ve never had one of my specially chosen assistants complain. All of my students seem to enjoy the extra tutoring."

"But I thought . . . I thought I was going to be sent away."

"Sent away?" Emory snorted. "Sent away before I’d done you? Think again, Son. I was just about to get around to you. Surely you guessed. Look at the assistants at this camp. . .

. And do you see a single woman here? I had assumed that you, of all my choices, would have guessed the score here."

"Then you aren't mad at me?"

"Hell, yes, I'm mad at you. You are in danger of having the whole Sudanese establishment down on our heads, in danger of having us thrown out of this country just when we're about to open the tomb. You didn't think I'd heard the drums? You didn't think I'd come and seen you fucking young Clint here and then the Bull of Mitsagusi fucking you?"

"I don't understand," I stammered.

"You desecrated the Mitsagusis' temple last night by carrying our Clint here up to the altar inside the temple and fucking his brains out. What the Mitsagusi youths did to you was a cleansing ritual, and it was far better than you should have expected. They could have killed you both for what you were doing on their altar. I'm not entirely sure why they didn't do that."

"Oh," was all I could say. But I had some inkling why we hadn't been killed. The leader of the Mitsagusi youths, the one called the Bull because of his extraordinary equipment, had been my secret lover for nearly two months now, ever since he had fucked me as part of their fertility ritual dance. This explained both why he had taken me so brutally on the temple altar and then so lovingly later last night on my own cot. He had to punish me for desecrating his people's shrine, but he was too smitten with me to give me up.

"So, what shall we do with you, Mr. Lafleur?" Emory asked, his statement cutting through my musings. "Perhaps while I'm thinking, you would be so kind as to strip down for me right there in the candlelight," he continued. As I did so, both he and Mustafa watched my every move. Emory continued to rub Mustafa's cock against his cheek and occasionally gave its head a kiss. He raised a long, sinewy arm from Clint's head and reached behind him, within the folds of Mustafa's caftan. I saw Mustafa twitch and raise up on the balls of his feet, and I very much thought that Emory had found his sweet asshole with a long, sensuous, searching finger.

"Very nice, Mr. Lafleur," Emory said when I had stripped down and stood proudly before him. "That's a very, very nice cock, Mr. Lafleur. I goes very well with the rest of you. I had hoped for this. That's why I was saving you for last this digging season. Could you stroke your cock for me, Mr. Lafleur? Could you show me what you look like in full service mode, please."

I did as he asked for several minutes until he commanded, "Enough! We mustn't hurry our pleasure here. Now, Lafleur, could you go over to my cot and lay down on your back, please. And, Clint, this is very invigorating, but could you transfer your soft lips to Mr. Lafleur's very noble prick, and perhaps Mr. Lafleur could do you the honor as well."

I went to the bed, and as Clint rose from in front of Emory and moved toward me, I almost gasped in awe. Old Man Emory was still very virile, very hard, and very long. He had what must be an eleven incher between his legs. What a perfect setup he had established here. He picked eager assistants he was sure would love an eleven-inch cock up their ass canals and took them out into the desert and porked them for months, with someone else paying the freight and everyone being the happier for it.

Clint positioned himself on top of me on all fours, his very experienced mouth servicing my cock and balls, while I was doing the same for him at the head of the cot.

"Loving tableau," Emory said. "Now, how can we enhance that? I know. Mustafa, my lovely, could you go over and wishbone Mr. Lafleur's legs and fuck him, please."

Mustafa was delighted to comply. It was nothing less than what he'd been doing to me nearly nightly for several weeks. I arched my back and gave Clint's cock a little extra loving, as Mustafa's cock entered me and slowly plowed up my canal. In no time, he was pumping me in a slow, steady rhythm, which Clint and I were trying to bring into harmony with our mouth work. I enjoyed Clint's unusual prick. He was quite small when in tumescence but grew significantly in thickness and length as his cock hardened. Having him come to life and change from a timid youth into a raging bull under my attentions was very pleasurable.

Mustafa went off rhythm, pushing back in unexpectedly at a point I thought he was stroking back and he gave a little cry and a grunt. I turned my head and peeked around Clint's elbow and saw that Mustafa's caftan was gone and Emory was now right behind Mustafa, his pelvis plastered to Mustafa's buttocks. Mustafa was arched back, trying to accommodate the long journey of Emory's cock up his ass channel. Emory had his hands on Mustafa's chest and his fingers were pinching Mustafa's nipples. Mustafa's head was thrown back and Emory was greedily working on Mustafa's mouth with searching lips.

Emory must have left playing with Mustafa's chest with one of his hands, because I felt fingers insinuate themselves around the base of my cock, the palm of a large, but thin hand spreading out on my lower belly. The fingers slowly worked their way up from the base of my prick, pushing Clint's tongue and lips back up to the tip of my cock head. Then, Emory's hand had full possession of my cock and Clint came back above me on his knees, arching his back and writhing as I vigorously gave him head. With a sharp cry, he jerked his cock out of my mouth and shot out over my stomach.

This was some sort of signal for Emory. "Leave us now, Clint and Mustafa. You may watch from the shadows, but I want to see for myself what sort of goods I've acquired in Mr. Lafleur now."

Mustafa pulled out of me, and Clint got off me, and both melted into the shadows, as Emory flipped me on my stomach and started stuffing that surprisingly big, hard sausage of his into my willing hole. I was holding my legs out wide and he had one hand in the small of my back and the other wrapped around the root of his dong, relentlessly

screwing his way into me. He was saying far much nicer things about my body and the allure of my asshole than he'd ever said about my work, and I was a little pleased myself at this unexpectedly turn of events. He was entertaining my canal as he plowed into it, giving my prostate extra attention, and rubbing his bulbous cock head along my undulating ass walls. The thought amused me that he was a champion digger and excavator both at the dusting tomb mounds and in my moist and trembling ass.

I gasped and groaned as he closed his legs against mine, pushing my thighs together and tightening up my ass. He arched his sinewy body over my back and his hands slid up to my arm pits, where they swirled around in the hair of my pits, and then traveled around to my pecs and nipples, and, finally slid up my arms. Taking a strong hold of my wrists, he brought his heaving chest down to my shoulder blades. He moved his strong body around on mine, rotating his cock around my ass canal eleven inches into me. I sighed and moaned for him. I was feeling drowsy and would have liked this to go on forever, but he felt his climax coming on and lifted his chest back off me, planted the balls of his feet firmly in the African soil serving as the flooring of the tent, and pumped me in long, vigorous strokes until he came in a flood of semen inside me. The old man still had it in him, and he was giving it all to me. A shudder and a second and then a third spouting, and he was finished.

But he didn't leave me then. He pushed me back up onto the cot, and, coming up with me, he turned me on my side, my butt encased in his belly. He then signaled to Mustafa, who stretched out on the other side of me and raised my leg so that Emory could continue to give me full advantage of his eleven inches. Mustafa stroked my cock and he and Emory and I kissed until both Emory and I had cum again.

We were quiet there for the longest time, the three of us entwined. When I had sensed that Emory and Mustafa were breathing regularly, I slowly extracted myself from the pile and moved toward the tent opening.

"Did I say you could leave?" I heard Emory bellow, as he rose up off the cot with a cat-like move of a man a third his age. "Here, Mustafa and Clint. Take his arms and leg." And, with that, Emory pushed me down onto my shoulder blades on the African-soil floor of the tent floor and lifted my legs in the air, handing them off to Mustafa, who spread them out wide. Meanwhile, Clint had gotten hold of my wrists and pulled my arms out from my body, immobile. Emory was behind me, crouching over me, and I felt the head of his rejuvenated dick at my asshole. He proceeded to piledrive his cock down into me with long, deep strokes, all the time reminding me who was in charge and how I was to be more circumspect with my sexual activities from there on out and that I could leave his tent when he told me I could. He gave Mustafa a terse invitation, and then the two of them were belly to belly above me, kissing each other deeply, and I had two cocks inside me, working me in counter thrusts like pistons. Clint was crouching over my head now, and the third cock pushed its way into my mouth and pumped into me with frantic thrusts.

It was a good twenty minutes before Emory and team finished me and the good professor

gave me permission to hobble out of his virile presence.

Later that night, while I dreamed a pleasant dream of being ravished by a host of cocks, I was awakened by a call of nature. On my way back to my tent, I heard noises coming from Dr. Emory's tent. There were grunts and groans in a low baritone, resonating voice that sounded quite familiar to me. I stealthily moved over to the doorway of the tent and pulled the gauze curtain back just enough to observe what was going on inside from a dark corner. I was shocked and angry and frustrated.

My proud, magnificent, seven-foot hunk of Sudanese lover, the Bull of the Mitsagusis, who had fucked me for weeks but who almost never had permitted me to touch him intimately and who only once had let me kiss him on the lips, was belly down on a sturdy camp stool in the middle of Dr. Emory's tent and Emory was vigorously topping him between his enormous, bulbous butt cheeks. Emory was closely covering the black giant's strong back with his chest and had his hands digging into the Bull's pecs and nipples, just as he had done to me earlier that evening. And they were kissing, deeply kissing.

I stumbled away from the tent. I was good enough for the Mitsagusi Bull to fuck hard and deep and often, but I wasn't good enough to be his intimate lover. And Old Man Emory was. No lesson would have better shown me that status and power meant everything even here in the remote upper reaches of the Sudanese Nile.

A blindly thrashed about in the dark, trying to find my tent, but, rather, finding myself at the doorway to Mustafa's tent, where I had often been visiting at this time of night. I could see the weak light of a couple of candles through the opaque canvass of the tent. I pushed the door curtain aside and lurched into the circle of candlelight.

"I couldn't sleep," Mustafa said. "It's just too hot tonight. I wanted to be cool."

He had brought the camp's brass bathtub into his tent and filled it with cool, soapy water and was lying on his back in the tub, luxuriating in the cool water.

Yes, I thought. Just what I need. Clean water and soap to wash the stench of Africa and my Sudanese lover and my controlling mentor off me.

I ripped off my sleeping shorts and climbed into the tub, and splashed water all over the African soil under the tub. And I turned Mustafa over, bringing him up on all fours. I wrapped my arms around his chest, holding him tight to me, and brutally thrust my cock into his ass and madly fucked him doggy style, cleaning myself of Emory and the Bull. Mustafa grabbed the rim of the brass tub with white knuckles and threw his head back and howled in ecstasy.

"Yes, yes, yes. You've never done it this strong and this deep. Ride me. Ride me strong;

ride me deep!"

I was sure that his howls could be heard all over the camp, even in Dr. Emory’s tent. But I didn’t care.